UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

A Woman's Crusade Against War—Is It Due?

By SYDNEY STRONG

The Outlawry of War

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

Religion and the Modern Man

By NORMAN THOMAS

VOLUME LXXXIX NUMBER 7

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1922 NUMBER 7

FOR MYSELF.

I ask nothing of life—only to be part of it;
Any part so that it be vital
And so that I may stand in true relation to all that is!

I want life to find me clean and simple—
A ready and obedient instrument,
To be used as life wills in the accomplishment of its purposes.

I want to be without affectation
And to manifest each moment only an ordinary and every-day quality.
I do not want wings with which to out-soar any one;
Nor do I aspire to a superior wisdom or goodness.
Only to possess the quiet transparency of a mountain pool
In which are reflected the moon and the stars!
Only that the beauty of life may be reflected through me!

If at this moment by the lifting of a finger I could create an universe
I would consider such a transaction absurd.
The universe as it is satisfies me,
And I find in it not a grain of dust too little or too much.

I am overwhelmed with wonder and admiration at the scheme of things.
Not an atom that is not of infinite value to every other atom!
Not a soul that is not of infinite value to every other soul!

I ask nothing of life—only to be part of it;
Any part so that it be vital
And so that I stand in true relation to all that is!

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

The great coal strike has come—the greatest in the nation's history; and the public mind is as calm as though a zephyr and not a tornado were blowing upon us! We search our minds in vain for memory of any such general indifference to a great industrial crisis as this which seems now to be prevailing. Of course, the warm weather is coming, and it is difficult for some people to realize that cold weather is certain to return. Then there are huge reserve stocks of coal on hand—hundreds of thousands of tons, we are told—and these would seem to be adequate to satisfy all needs for an indefinite time to come. Never was there a better occasion, apparently, for an application of that word of wisdom, "Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." But is this the whole of the story? Is there not something here which is much more deep, and ominous? What if the public mind is reaching the saturation point in this strike business? What if this colossal conflict, which marks the climax of long years of discussion between capital and labor, is destined also to mark the end of the nation's patience with both sides to the dispute? What we seem to see, in this amazing lack of interest in so menacing a disaster, is a certain cynical contempt for a situation which breeds nothing but social war and its attendant miseries, and a silently brooding resolve to end it for good and all! What will happen, if this strike continues over into the fall, is a nationalization of the mines with a smashing of both capital and labor organizations, so sudden and so complete as to paralyze the world. Suffering, even inconvenience, will not be endured a week; and the blow of retaliation, when struck, will cleave to the chaps. The miners have a good case—they have always had a good case! But the public is as little interested in the case for the strike as in the strike itself. What it wants is "good riddance" to the whole intolerable situation. And it will get it, once the provocation to action is sufficient.

It would be easy to comment in a cynical spirit on the address delivered by Alanson B. Houghton, the new American Ambassador to Germany, on the eve of his departure for his post of duty. Thus, when he said that the causes of the Great War, "the apportionment of blame or guilt, are matters which frankly, I, for one, will no longer discuss," the obvious retort is that discussion of this subject is getting increasingly embarrassing to 100 per cent supporters of the Allies' case, and is therefore very wisely suspended. The Ambassador's speech, however, was too sincere in spirit and too exalted in thought, to be treated in any such fashion as this. What such an address deserves is unstinted admiration of the man who delivered it, and of the administration, which approved and authorized it. Mr. Houghton stated that he was tired of the propaganda against Germany, "the power and persistency (of which), once it is well started," he had only recently come to understand. He expressed the fervent hope that "the same kind of stories about the American people are (not) current in Germany as are still told in the United States about the German people." He assailed with noble passion the doctrine of hate. "I do not believe," he said, "in the moral or spiritual, or even the economic value of hate. Hate serves no useful purpose. It is far more dangerous to those who hate than to those who are hated. It leads only to confusion and destruction. . . ."

"The war," he continued, "is over. As I leave this country,

I have in mind far more the hundred-odd years of peace and friendship which bound the German and American peoples together, than the few years of war and misunderstanding which have separated them. I want to renew and strengthen those ancient ties of respect and mutual service."

Here speaks the true America—the America that has hardly once been heard from since the black days of 1917. It is gratifying to note that these words of the new Ambassador were warmly applauded by a representative assembly presided over by Nicholas Murray Butler. Such news comes like the signs of spring; and we find ourselves thinking of Shelley, *via* Hutchinson,

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

The publication of the Emma Goldman articles against Soviet Russia, and their wide-spread use by the capitalistic press, is a hilarious episode of these opening spring days. Of course, the articles are "hot stuff"—they tell the most dreadful story about Bolshevism that has yet been printed; and we do not wonder that the newspapers are using them with eager glee. But one would think that even an editor would remember that Miss Goldman was saying exactly these same things about the United States government only a few years ago. Indeed, this woman was arrested, imprisoned and deported during the war because of the violence of her denunciation of Washington—now she turns her attack upon Moscow—and behold, she is suddenly become a prophet, whose words must be printed in front-page space under screaming headlines! O, consistency, thou art indeed a jewel!! Our opinion of Emma Goldman is the same today that it has always been. We believe her to be a singularly earnest, sincere and courageous woman, whose views on social, political and economic matters are singularly prejudiced and therefore unreliable. She is an anarchist; and everything that she says, about Russia today as about the United States yesterday, is to be taken as the utterance of one who is opposed to every kind of organized government. We see no more reason for sitting at her feet now than formerly; she seems to us to be what she has always been, an honest and able exponent of anarchism, and nothing more. That those who cast her out yesterday should now be clasping her fondly to their bosoms, is only one more illustration of the pregnant truth, that it makes a difference whose ox is gored.

Difficulties, which we did not at first foresee, stand in the way of the passage of the proposed amendment to the Constitution, providing equal rights for women before the law. It seems to be feared, by some of our best social workers, that such an amendment would break down much of that protective legislation for women, especially in the field of industry, which has been won at such bitter cost in recent years. We must believe, however, that there is a way of so framing the amendment that legislation of this type will not be abrogated or weakened. Certainly it is time that legal discriminations against women, in such matters as holding political office, freedom of contract, choice of domicile and name, acquiring, controlling, holding and conveying real estate, ownership and control of labor and earnings, etc., should be altogether done away with. It is especially intolerable that in the care and custody of children, grounds for divorce, immunities or penalties for sex offenses, women should frequently be living today under serious inequities and disabilities. Two thousand years after the dawn of Christianity, in what is reputed to be the most enlightened democracy in the world, it is necessary to resort to the cumbersome expedient of a constitutional amendment, to make women really free! This is a strange world—and stranger still is this thing that we call "civilization"! Some day, we devoutly hope, we shall be truly civilized; and in that happy and blessed day, men and women will live together as comrades, sharing the experiences of work and play, carrying equally the burdens of social life, and enjoying equally its privileges. If there are any differences at all, they will all be in favor of women, and not against them; but in spirit men and women will be co-partners in all this great adventure of human living.

We have a noble friend who, for reasons which need and can not be stated here, decided that she would offer her body as "a living sacrifice" to science. She would place herself at the disposal of great physicians for experiment in matters of life and death, that she might serve humanity most effectively in that field in which she was most interested! On making her heroic offer to the proper authorities, she found that her way was blocked. She went to physician after physician—and all agreed that it could not be done. Said one friendly counsellor, in explanation, "The state guards jealously the lives of its citizens." Indeed, yes! Think of how jealously the state guarded the lives of its citizens in 1917, for example. Declared war, conscripted millions of young men and therewith marked them all for possible death, and actually slaughtered seventy thousand of them before the job was done! The logic of the Great War, the grim resolve of the "stay-at-homes," the slogan of the hour, was to fight to the last man and the last dollar—and we can be sure that the last man would have been flung away long before the last dollar would have been touched! If this means anything, it is that the state guards jealously the lives of its citizens for the same reason that the farmer guards jealously the lives of his hogs—namely, for the purposes of the slaughter-house! When our governments give up the business of murder on specious pleas of ending war, making the world safe for democracy, etc., we

shall believe that the state cares about protecting the lives of its citizens—but not before!

Certain of our contemporaries are dreadfully excited over the pre-millennialite movement. They are scandalized because there is such a revival of belief in the second coming of Christ, and such insistence upon the idea that the returned Jesus is to be an armed conqueror, prepared to shed ruthlessly the blood of the wicked. The favorite text of the pre-millennialites, we are told, as a crowning horror, is the verse, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." Now that all this is very terrible, we have to admit; but we quite fail to see why these contemporaries of ours should be so wrought up by the situation. It was only a few years ago that they were identifying Christianity with the bloodiest war in history. They were declaring that Jesus, were he here again, would be in the trenches, disemboweling his enemies with the bayonet, blowing them to pieces with bombs, poisoning their women and children with gases. We have good reason for remembering that when we questioned these conclusions and represented Jesus as a man of peace, we were answered with the golden text, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." This verse was quoted in a thousand pulpits and printed in a thousand religious journals every week during the war, to the confusion of non-resistants, pacifists, and all other unbelievers. And now these people are horrified that the church has learned its lesson, and is preaching a genuine gospel of blood and iron! As a matter of fact, there is only one rather insignificant difference between the pre-milliennialites and those who are so busy denouncing them today. Both believe in bloodshed and slaughter; but whereas the former would draw the sword for God's kingdom, the latter would draw it any time for "the kingdoms of the earth and all the glory of them"! The pre-millennialites may be superstitious, but they have a better moral cause than their opponents. If our excited contemporaries only knew a little psycho-analysis, they would understand what is the matter with them—and keep silent!

The Bishop of Oxford, on behalf of twenty-seven signatories, including nine bishops, has sent a memorial to the Archbishop of Canterbury, suggesting the appointment of a commission to endeavor to find a basis of doctrinal agreement on matters which are the subject of controversy between different sections of the Church of England. The memorial expresses the opinion that a genuine unity of belief must be secured in order to prevent serious disruption in the church. We did not know that the condition of affairs in the Anglican church is so serious as all this, but we do know that no settlement of the problem is ever going to be effected by any such device as this proposed by the Bishop of Oxford. Strange that so able a man should not see that it is this very endeavor after unity of belief which has created the situation which now so alarms him! If dissension is to be ended, it must be by ignoring questions of theological belief altogether, leaving each individual to formulate his own creed as best he can on the basis of his own experience, and directing the energies of the church as an institution exclusively to the business of justice and righteousness, morality, brotherhood and peace, which are the Kingdom of God on earth. The task of Christian unity, in other words, concerns not matters of theology at all, but *religion*. The challenge to the bishops, and the clergy generally, is not to find a basis of doctrinal agreement, but to make the church *religious*. Give the church something to do in fulfilment of God's will, and theological controversies will become no more important than individual opinions generally in other fields of life. At least they will not rend the church! Theology always divides; religion always unites. Rescue the church from obsession with the former to service of the latter, and there will be no danger of disruption.

A Woman's Crusade Against War—Is It Due?

I shall raise the question, Whether the time has not arrived when woman's opposition to war shall take on the form of a Crusade.

Back in the seventies—when I was a boy—I saw in action the woman's crusade against strong drink. This crusade had started in Hillsboro, O. (not more than 50 miles from Westerville, O., which is now the headquarters of the Anti-Saloon League of America and the World). It had spread rapidly, until it reached my village home. Standing on the curbstone, I had my first sight of women going into a drinking place to sing and pray, or kneeling in the street in front, praying for the abolition of strong drink.

The reason the women adopted this method of crusade, was because they felt that they had suffered long enough, and no remedy was in sight. They had been beaten by drunken husbands, or their neighbors had. Their children or their friends' children were in rags. Going to court, they got no redress. The bartenders and druggists laughed at them or shoved them into the streets. Their husbands and brothers—sworn protectors and guardians—had bid them be

quiet, on the ground that men had always drank and always would.

But one year a great emotion swept over the hearts of the women of Ohio. They stopped "not to reason why"—"they rode into the valley of hell"—they got their minds fixed on one object, namely, the abolition of the drink evil, with its attendant horrors.

They started in on a crusade of prayer and emotional assault to put strong drink out of business. Their brave husbands stood round with quaking knees and simpering jests.

The movement spread like wild-fire throughout the state of Ohio and began to take hold in other states. It stirred the villages from center to circumference. Men laughed and jeered. Thousands of children—like myself—had their eyes opened and turned upon a *public enemy.*

The women won in 250 towns and villages; then the liquor men recovered, sent in bartenders, whom prayer and aroused emotion could not faze—and the movement subsided; but not until the whole nation was electrified; and out of the inspiration sprang the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Anti-Saloon League and the Educational movement—all of them powerful and unyielding until Prohibition has been planted in the national constitution.

The educational movement and the W. C. T. U. sought chiefly to reach the children. As the twig was bent in 1880, 1890, 1900—in the schools and temperance bands—so the tree inclined in 1910, 1920.

The Anti-Saloon League was founded by Howard Russell. The League at last covered the United States to work against all candidates who were pro-liquor. The League was the political agency for the final overthrow of saloon, distillery and brewery.

I recall Carrie Nation of Kansas who, seeing that the Prohibition law was being flouted in several cities of her state, that the officials were blind or winking, that the public sentiment was asleep, sallied forth one morning with her hatchet—a hatchet that was no vapory myth, like Washington's—with the spirit of a middle-age crusader, and entered illegal bar-rooms, and began to smash show-cases, bottles, mirrors, glasses—everything connected with the forbidden beverage. Of course she was arrested. This was against both law and order. But she kept on with her smashing crusade—like the suffragettes of England—until she woke up the United States, and the laws were enforced. She even woke up the nation, and Carrie Nation's hatchet become as famous as that of the Father of the Country.

All of which—and more—has led me to ask the question, Whether a woman's crusade for the abolition of war, along similar lines, might not be due? I am convinced that the hearts of women, some day, will be swept with a mighty emotion which, regardless of men or constitutions or propriety, will not stop until war is abolished. I have the conviction that it must come, and therefore will come.

Why turn to women especially? There are several reasons which time will permit me only to mention:

Woman has certain elements of power in larger quantity than her brother. The "fighting male," as Benjamin Kidd describes him, has been discredited as a peacemaker. He has lost his eyesight—a blind Samson. He is an incapable. The great race vices are masculine—greed, lust, drink, war. Woman has not been conspicuously identified with the great race vices—except as victim. The great race virtues—patience, sacrifice, purity, forgiveness, love—have been conspicuously feminine.

Has the time not come for women to act? Women have come, more or less, into their rights. They are voters. They are close to the acquirement of equality—in home, school, church and state. Being the chief sufferers from the military debaucheries of men, it would be natural to expect that they should take upon themselves the work of cleaning house; to put an end to widow-making and house-burning and baby starving and general Herodian deviltry of the men in which they are pleased to call "war," but which an honest man called "hell." Men go to the lowest depths of foulness and cruelty in war, in order to win, seeking to sweeten their debaucheries with incense and Te Deums.

I am raising the question if women—not all women—but a few of the Hillsboro kind, having seen through the devil's disguise, are not ready to start a crusade against war: along lines similar to the woman's crusade against the drink-demon.

The war-demon is now organized, commercialized and brutalized.

The drink-demon—half a century ago—was welcomed in high society, was toasted and celebrated in annual banquets, was the subject of jovial song and classic poetry, was the mark of commercial prosperity, was present at the christening of all ships, at the marriage of brides was an honored guest, as well as at the birth of babes and the wake of the dead. But today, the 100,000 temples and shrines of his Infernal Majesty are closed, his Majesty himself an outlaw, and a bounty is fixed upon the heads of his followers.

The definite movement that led to overthrow and banishment received its inspiration and impulse from the woman's crusade when the women of Hillsboro, Ohio, started out, *determined in their hearts* to put the saloon out of business.

War is going to happen, unless new forces, or a new combination of forces, or new ideas, enter in to save us. I am now undertaking to name one of the combination of forces and ideas that might come to abolish war. *It is a woman's crusade.*

Woman alone has the power, the psychology, the training, the confidence of the public. She has the persistence.

Where are the citadels of the war-demon? Where does this Outlaw of Heaven get his recruits, his sanctions, his backing, his sinews of war? I can tell you where the citadels of the slave-demon were in 1840 and of the drink-demon in 1870: in America. They were the state-house, the schools, the churches, the banks, the press, the chamber of commerce. These were the recruiting grounds, the champions of the slavery demon in 1840, the drink-demon in 1870. Anyone who spoke against slavery or drink was fired upon from these citadels.

Now, whether these—the state house, the schools, the churches, the banks, the press, the chambers of commerce—are the citadels of the war-demon in America, I leave you to answer. If these are the citadels, then these are the places which must be carried.

Women who engage in it will be blamed for all possible disasters—high wages and low wages, over production of fish, corn and lumber; for strikes and lockouts, for the rise and fall of religion, for the increase of divorces. In Australia I heard of women being blamed for interfering with the proper working of the pension system, by "living too long."

Another thing to remember is that institutions have no souls; they have *no personality*. Crusaders go out after the responsible *persons*. When the women of Hillsboro started out to put the drink-demon out of business, they went for Mr. Smith, the councilman; Mr. Brown, the bartender who handed the demon's drink over the bar to their husbands and neighbors; and Mr. Jones, who operated a big demon-distillery. Doubtless they had heard annual temperance sermons, and prayers that the cause of temperance and peace might prevail.

The women were helpless until they began to make it a *personal* matter: began to hold responsible the men who operated and the men who licensed and championed the operation. Having cleared their minds of the superstition, that governments and corporations have souls, they went for the man or men who did the business. They formed a little company and went to a saloon, asked to see the manager or owner, urged him to close up his place because of its harvest of death—and then feeling their weakness, they kneeled down on the floor and prayed to God, that He would move upon the heart of this misguided man, to see his errors, to know what evil he was bringing upon the community. It was a heart-to-heart talk. The bartender was made to feel that he was a sinner in the eyes of these devout women. It was an *unusual* method—but something unusual was necessary to wake up the people. The crusade was unusual. It lasted only a few years, as it spread over several states of the Union; then it disappeared; but not before the women of the country were organized for a bold attack against the saloon; and the Anti-Saloon League sprang up to purify politics of its wicked partnership with this vice.

Suppose a band of women in America, in Seattle, in Australia, felt impelled to start a crusade upon the war-demon—apparently as securely entrenched in all the leading institutions of society as drink and slavery were; suppose they remembered that the last war cost to date, 9,998,771 killed, 20,297,551 wounded, and $338,000,000,000; remembered that of the whole federal income 68 per cent goes for past wars, and 25 per cent for war preparedness; suppose they felt that "the war to end war" was not over; felt like the women of Hillsboro felt in presence of the drink-demon, almost helpless and hopeless; suppose they were anxious to abolish war and make the demon an outlaw—what could they do?

Suppose, like the women of Hillsboro, they should sally forth on a crusade to abolish war, where would they go?

That would depend where they were: in Washington, D. C., or in Seattle, Washington. It is not for me to mark out the course of march. However, if they were to follow along lines taken by the crusaders against the drink-demon, they would go straight to those places where the business was being carried on.

By way of gaining strength and sympathy they might go to all the pastors. This would give practice. They could face the pastors in their studies, tell them that they were out to abolish war, to do all in their power to save humanity from the hell of war. They could ask the support of the pastors and ask the pastors if they could kneel down and put the case before the God of Peace. They should go to Catholics, Protestants, Jews alike, try to remove bias, and cause them to see that the heart of motherhood, of womanhood is being trampled on by the iron heel of war. Many of the clergy might be luke-warm, a few hostile, as they were on the subject of slavery and drink. If the door of a study should be locked, the door-step remains.

If the crusade started in Washington, D. C., the women doubtless would remember that there was a War Department, with a secretary of war upon whom rested the responsibility of putting the nation on a war basis. Here would be a point of attack. Also, officials who had the responsibility of training boys for military activities: officials who furnished text books that go into the hands of the children of the nation: certain business men who were engaged in the manufacture of implements of destruction: owners and editors of newspapers who were creating the war-spirit: officials who had charge of war memorials.

They would not get far, before the city and country would be aroused *and the forces of emotion and prayer throughout the land, perhaps throughout the world begin to operate*. This is necessary! Something would happen. In one year, five years, ten years, the spiritual

and intellectual forces would be aroused and organized enough to abolish war.

If the crusade started in Seattle—where are the citadels of the war-demon to be attacked? The women would not go far wrong would they?—if they sought interviews with the managers of the daily papers. It is time that the Northcliffs, Hearsts and Scripps in their responsible representations, were interviewed—and their guns turned against strife and the war-demon.

And surely some women would think of our university, and the president of the school and the president of the board of regents would be asked to consider military training through the eyes of starving and outraged woman. They would go in the strength of a great emotion, to be expressed within the office or on the door-steps.

Do any other citadels of war come to mind? Bands of women once aroused with a holy flame would have eyes of instinct that would go straight to the mark. Pershaps the Totem Pole would be the scene of the gathering of crusaders—there at the very spot where men are urged to recruit for war—to make young men pause before engaging in the pursuit of war.

But of a heart movement, a crusade against war—I should expect, as out of the crusade of half a century ago—I should expect political and educational and religious movements to spring up, so effecting the teaching and preaching and voting and finally the mind of the whole nation, that would lead to an abolition of war.

The demand for social justice and equalization is running like a prairie-fire among the peoples—showing itself in resistance to tyranny, overthrow of autocracy and democratization of industry. Our system of production and distribution is being increasingly challenged because it breeds wars.

Have not the women—a band of women—of this country a sacred call at this time, to engage in a crusade of action and faith that will attack war in its strongholds; that will awaken the attention of the people and crystallize forces opposed to war, which now are in a liquid or gaseous state? Suppose the women of Hillsboro had not followed the gleam. Would Prohibition be written into the Constitution of our country?

There must come a mighty spiritual and ethical movement that will shatter war by the power of education and the truth of God. It is coming. It will come, I think through women, because they are the great sufferers: have longer ranged vision: possess in a greater degree the virtues of patience, sacrifice and love: know what the cost is to bring a human life into being: know what the cost is when war, with such diabolical contempt and hypocrisy, destroys that life.

Some day the mothers of the race are going to banish war; are going to make men ashamed of the masculine vices of greed, lust, drink and war. I am asking whether this is not *the time when a woman's crusade against war is due?* I do not know; but come it will! Come it will when some group of women, in some village or city, in some small nation or large, because they feel hopeless and helpless, will start—scarcely knowing it—a crusade, an emotional movement springing out of the heart, that has been aching with agony for centuries—a crusade against war, that will grow until woman's manifesto shall get the attention of the world. Women of all lands unite for the abolition of war!

SYDNEY STRONG.

The Outlawry of War

> They have taken from the art of arms all that it kept of humanity. They have killed peace. They are killing war. They make it a monster that cannot live.
>
> ANATOLE FRANCE.

The Washington Conference has gone a short way in the right direction, as far as it could go, no doubt, under the ruling conditions. It has pricked the bubble of military rivalry, which with its resultant fear and hate, threatened the world with another senseless and ruinous war. But civilization cannot stop there. It must do away with the whole accursed business. It is as easy to abolish war as to make it decent. The next great step must be to outlaw it altogether. Laws of war have been carefully drawn up and in time of peace readily agreed to, to be violated in time of war in so far as they stand in the way of the hideous dragon, which overrides all law, human or divine, *Military Necessity.*

The killing of an individual by one or more of his fellows constitutes murder or manslaughter. The act is personal and the murderer is held to account by society. As law advances in dignity and justice, murder becomes less and less frequent, its punishment less and less a matter of vengeance. To the modern conscience, manslaughter is justified only as a matter of self-defense or in protection of the innocent or helpless. In earlier and cruder times other sanctions were recognized. In our day these have been one by one discredited until the taking of human life *by the individual* is countenanced only as a last resort under the most terrible or trying conditions.

War is manslaughter conducted on a large scale in systematic fashion and under regulations generally recognized though not always respected by the nations. The chief motive of war throughout the ages has been some form of envy, robbery, revenge, or domination. As civilization progresses, the range of justification has grown progressively narrower, the only recognized sanctions now being self-defense or the defense of others against wanton aggression. In

former centuries, war was made baldly with no other excuse than that "Might makes right," "Necessity knows no law." It is encouraging to the student of civilization to observe the vehemence with which each of the warring nations today, even those visibly guilty of its initiation, insist that "War was forced upon" it.

The conduct of modern warfare involves four lines of action,—the annihilation of armies, the oppression of noncombatants, the inhibition of commerce, and the effective permeation of the enemy by means of spies and secret agents.

The present efficiency of the first of these four methods finds no parallel in history. At the end of the great war it was estimated that the total number already killed, maimed, or permanently invalided, soldiers and civilians both, was perhaps over thirty millions. The actual mortality is not certainly known, but the figure approaches twenty millions. Happily, by the resources of modern surgery, the number of deaths from wounds has been enormously reduced. Similarly the ravages of infections generally characteristic of army life in field or camp—smallpox, typhoid fever (carried in water), and typhus (carried by lice), have been brought to a minimum. Even venereal disease, the curse of barracks, has been notably mitigated. Conversely, fatalities from shock and shell, from mines and dynamite, have tremendously increased through advances in the chemistry of destruction.

Oppression of non-combatants is accomplished by food blockades, military occupation of conquered territory, levying of tribute, deportation into servitude, incendiarism, bombardment of towns, fortified or otherwise, bombing from the air, and countless other agencies of "frightfulness." In time of war, even in regions removed from all its immediate operations, civilian mortality is 12 per cent to 25 per cent above the normal. Near and along the front it may rise to be indefinitely greater. Before every army, in summer and winter, flee hordes of refugees, men, women and children, old and young, subject to every form of indignity and suffering, even though advancing troops use efforts to be humane. Such an exodus the writer saw in Macedonia in 1914 thousands of men, women and children (upwards of a million in all) rich and poor, each living on four cents' worth of rice or flour daily, while four or five families occupied together a single tent or empty freight-van.

Extreme militarists, however, hold that petty scruples should not impede great enterprises. Given the final aim as the crushing of a nation, starvation and frightfulness, they say, will accomplish more than offensiveness in the field. Modern war is essentially massacre by machinery; the most vulnerable part of the enemy's defense lies, therefore, with noncombatants, who command no machinery.

In previous centuries there remained some tradition of war as "sport." As such it was governed by certain rules, not always regarded, to be sure, and likely to be set aside in reprisal or massacre. There was, however, an effort to restrict actual warfare to the fighting forces and to safeguard the rights of neutrals and non-combatants, who regarded themselves as spectators in the great tournament. Modern war is not merely to employ armies against armies, but to hurl one nation bodily against another, harassing civilians as well as combatants. Thus warfare, backed by the mighty resources of civilization, is much more terrible as well as vastly more expensive than ever before.

The destruction of commerce at sea, including the indiscriminate sinking without warning of passenger and freight vessels, fishing trawlers, and hospital ships within an arbitrary war-zone, is another feature of modern war. Marine trade is a source of power; its destruction by the enemy is an effective war measure. The old agreement that passenger and freight boats in general should not be disturbed, only the carriers of contraband, goes by the board, when food and clothing are listed as contraband. Moreover, the law that passengers and crew on non-military vessels must be cared for and safeguarded is abruptly violated when ships are sunk by hidden mines or by submarine torpedoes. Every humanitarian purpose in connection with marine warfare is thus defeated.

From an appeal for aid to the British Red Cross by Mr. Arnold Bennett, I condense the following paragraph:

> The primary object of all war is to lacerate human flesh, to break bones, to inflict torture, to paralyze, and to kill. Every army in the field is out for maiming and homicide, and for nothing else. Armies make prisoners, not because they want to do so, but because they dare not logically carry out their own premises. Every explosive weapon is designed, made, charged, and fired with definite intention of killing men, or inflicting on them the severest possible disablement, accompanied by intense physical pain, often involving life-long misery. Guns are aimed at buildings only because these deprive men of defense, thus to expose them to death, torture, or paralysis. This is the confessed aim of all militarists, for no ulterior military aim can be achieved until this is accomplished. This is what the over lords wish to perpetuate among the usages of mankind. Let us not forget that war is first and last the tearing of human flesh, the shattering of men's bones, and the greatest source of human agony, both physical and mental.

While all the leading nations have given assent to the provisions for the alleviation of warfare, the commanders of armies generally speaking, in theory and practice follow the traditions of the Middle Ages and this with all the added power derived from prostituted science. These are embodied in the doctrine of "frightfulness," which holds that the more violent the terrorism the shorter the war; "frightfulness is therefore in the interest of humanity." This dictum involves the fallacy that the most powerful or most "frightful" nation is sure to win at last, and that it ought to win. The theory is embodied in most of the official war-treatises of the nations in question. For example, the German *Kriegsbrauche in Landkrieg* (Military Usages in War on Land) declares:

> The officer is a child of his time. He is subject to the intellectual tendencies which influence his own nation; the more educated he is, the more will this be the case. By steeping himself in military history, an officer will be able to guard himself against excessive humanitarian notions.

The great strategist, Clausewitz, says explicitly:

> We cannot introduce a principle of moderation into the philosophy of war without committing an absurdity. It is a vain and erroneous tendency to wish to neglect the element of brutality in war, merely because we dislike it.

Von Hartmann continues this argument as follows:

> War in the present day will have to be conducted more recklessly, more unscrupulously, more violently, more ruthlessly than ever in the past. . . . The Law of Nations must beware of paralyzing military action by placing fetters upon it. . . . Violence and passion are the two principal levers of every warlike act and, let us say it without fear, of every warlike greatness.
>
> You cannot make war sentimentally. The more mercilessly you make war, the more merciful you are in reality, for so you end war the sooner. The most humane method of

waging war is and must remain that which brings peace most quickly.—(*Hindenburg*).

We do not think of peace. No way but war leads to peace.—(*Ludendorff*).

In war, after all, the only thing that matters are those silly old victories.—(*General von Schlieffen*).

The upshot of these principles was foreshadowed in a remarkable prophecy made in 1862, by the German democrat, Johann Philipp Becker:

Though the German nation may by no means think of conquering and oppressing other peoples, so soon as it has given birth to the monster of United Empire, it will be no longer master of its own fate, but only the ill-fated slave of the monster nursed by the nation. (quoted in Bulletin of the *Friends of German Democracy*, November 15, 1917).

The character of actual war is always determined by the most unscrupulous antagonist. Restrictions are formulated mainly by civilians in times of peace. Thoroughgoing militarists refuse to concur in any measure of alleviation likely to prove effective. In war, "military necessity" should rule. By this attitude the war-caste in dynastic nations shows its utter contempt of civil authority, its compromises and adjustments. To it the very meaning and purpose of war is terrorism. No great war-maker blocks his own way to success by reading the provisions of the Hague Conference. The true function of international law is not to regulate war, but to prevent it.

Inexorability and seemingly hideous callousness are among the attributes of him who would achieve great things in war. In the case of a general there is only one crime which history never pardons, and that is defeat.—(*General Colmar von der Goetz*).

A British soldier in the trenches is quoted by the London *Nation* (January 5) as saying:

A victorious war (in the old-fashioned sense) still leaves war a reasonable thing, a thing by which ends can be achieved. A stalemate leaves war discredited. To win a war (in the old-fashioned sense) is to perpetuate war. The loser will say: "Never mind. . . . We will win the next. . . . Let it end, as all ugly things should end, in collapse and squalor, and the thing is dead. But let it end in triumphal marches through cities, in proud speeches, in the ringing of bells, and the challenging music of bands and war is still on its pedestal."

"After all (says Dr. L. P. Jacks of Oxford), the war itself is not the crowning absurdity. The crowning absurdity is the notion that this fool's business can be reduced to some sort of rational proposition by any manner of talking about it, explaining it, drawing lessons from it, or pronouncing epigrams over it."

War alleviations will always fail under violent strain. We cannot kill the monster by cutting off parts of his tail. If war is to continue to be a recognized national function, there is no alternative but to let it run its full course, until either nationalism or civilization, or both, gives way under the strain.

A definite and well considered movement towards the greatest of all reforms has been begun by the American Committee for the Outlawry of War, of which Mr. S. O. Levinson, 76 West Monroe St., Chicago, is chairman. In a circular letter the secretary observes:

The Hague Conferences were splendid as an evolutionary process,—but we have seen their impotence to stop war. . . . The attempt to regulate the legal monster, war, has been a failure; we must prevent it by making it illegal and criminal.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Religion and the Modern Man*

There has recently appeared a book entitled "Civilization in the United States," which has aroused considerable discussion. Like all books in whose making many authors have collaborated, it is of very uneven merit. But the thing which is of particular interest is the fact that there is no study of religion, although nearly every article mentions religion in America by way of illustration, reproof or exhortation. Mr. Stearns in his preface candidly admits that "it has been next to impossible to get anyone to write on the subject; most of the people I approached shied off. . . . they weren't interested in the topic." The admission not only indicates the superficial quality of the book but symbolizes the general failure of modern men to come to close grips with the problem whose fundamental significance they themselves cannot ignore.

When all is said and done, religion in the largest sense is implicit in life. If we accept the modern psychological interpretation of religion, it is a force or an attitude toward life which moves in the realm of values. It is concerned with obtaining or preserving those things which are most dear. Many a man calls himself an atheist because it is only by the denial of the kind of God of whom he has been taught that he can conserve his ideals of truth or justice. There is a religious quality in the social preoccupations of man. Communism is, for instance, religious in the tremendous affirmation that it makes with regard to the future. It is religious also, in a less attractive sense in its dogmatism and insistence on every letter of its creed. The same thing is, of course, true of its opposite—and for less defensible reasons. There is a definite effort in our time to make out of economic and political conservatism under the guise of patriotism, a religion. One reason why men are able to ignore religion as it is generally understood is because they find religious satisfactions in social or economic causes. And for many of them perhaps the supreme tragedy would be if the cause that is dearest to their hearts should be won. It is a glorious thing to dedicate one's life to a world from which war, poverty and injustice shall be abolished. But still there would remain the inescapable problems of time and fate and death. Each generation of men would pass from off the stage before it had played out its part. There would still be the question of the relation of the individual and of mankind in general to the universe.

It is an oft-told story that when Thomas Carlyle heard Margaret Fuller's complacent remark, "I accept the universe," he commended "Gad! She'd better!" There is nothing for it—short of suicide—but to accept the universe. Religion is concerned with the nature and quality of that acceptance. The supreme irreligion which is all too common in our time deals not so much with any kind of theology but with one's attitude toward life. It is possible to accept the universe on the plane of a somewhat intelligent animal with a little more than an animal's capacity for sensual and material enjoyment. "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," is the creed of that sort of irreligion. Or it is possible to

*An address delivered belore the Community Church, White Plains, N. Y.

accept the universe somewhat cynically. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," saith the preacher. "There is nothing new under the sun." Therefore let man snatch such pleasure or peace as he may ere the silver cord is broken or the bowl is broken at the fountain. Against either of these attitudes is the religious attitude which affirms that there are things worth while in life that even though man be living in an inhospitable universe, yet he might find in that universe in comradeship with his fellows, deep and enduring satisfactions.

All the great historic religions have been concerned with this problem of the acceptance of the universe. All of them have sought to give or to preserve in man a sense of abiding values. If modern man finds the historic religions inadequate to his needs, it is not because he no longer desires the things which those religions gave to men of other times but because he lives in a different world. Perhaps a word of explanation of the sense in which I have used the phrase "the modern man" is in order. Men and women in great numbers live in this day, use the inventions and employ the fashions of the hour and yet are not modern-minded in their attitude toward life. There are very highly intelligent men who are not modern-minded. The eminent architect, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, consciously glories in his mediaevalism and says there is no hope for the world save in a return to walled cities and the spirit of the thirteenth century. I shall not now quarrel with that position. There is much that is attractive in mediaevalism, though I imagine it is more attractive in retrospect than it was in actuality. But for better or worst, some of us consciously and great masses of men unconsciously are quite unable to accept the mediaeval attitude toward life.

Perhaps my thought can best be made clear by comparison of the world as it seemed to man in the great days of early Christianity and the world as it is today. The men of the first Christian centuries thought they lived on a flat earth which was the center of the universe. Sun, moon, and stars were hung in heavens not much more remote than the highest mountain tops for the sole purpose of lighting man's pilgrimage. His universe was comprehensible in terms of time and space. Man himself had a very definite origin in times not too remote for understanding. He was the descendant of the Gods and if by his sins he had lost the divine favor he was still the chief object of divine concern. On the other hand, this creature was but imperfectly the master of his environment; so little did he know of science or machinery that he could do almost nothing to avert famine or pestilence. Even the rich lived in discomfort which it is hard for us to imagine. It has been well said that until modern times man lived under a "pain economy" which made thrift and hard toil stern necessities. It would have been quite absurd to preach to the men of the first Christian century or to the men of the Middle Ages that they had it in their own power to create a new earth. They might indeed create a "beloved community" in which slaves could be free citizens. It was one of the secrets of the triumph of Christianity that it did create such a community. But religion could not possibly promise to create a new industrial order which would abolish the "pain economy." It could only point to new heavens and to a new earth which would be established by direct supernatural intervention. In short, the other worldly emphasis of Christianity (or, in a very different sense, Buddhism) was entirely rational in ages which had seen the downfall of the joyous life of Greek city states and had not seen the rise of modern science.

The contrast with our own time is very striking. Man is today to a surprising degree lord over nature. He lives under no necessary "pain economy." It is a commonplace that he has science and skill enough to provide all the inhabitants of earth with a very satisfactory amount of food, clothing, and shelter with a comparative minimum of labor. If men today suffer from hunger, pestilence and general misery it is not the fault of nature but of their own social arrangements. They have learned to conquer everything except their own passions and prejudices and stupidities. But if modern man is thus master of nature as his ancestors were not, he is aware that he occupies an infinitely humbler place in the universe. No longer is the earth the center of the universe. It is a little planet in one of the least of solar systems. No longer is man the obvious end of all creation and the chief concern of the Gods. Rather he has emerged on this little planet as a result of a process which makes him more conscious sometimes of his relations to the beast than of his relation to the Gods. Modern psychology, especially of the psycho-analytic school, at least in its popular Freudian form—and a sorry gospel popular Freudianism is—rather tends to heighten awareness of the bestial in himself and to make more evident on what stormy seas of ignorance and passion the frail bark of his reason floats.

It is, I think, out of this fundamental contrast between the modern and ancient worlds rather than out of any specific skepticism that our sense of the inadequacy of any of the historic religions, in their orthodox forms, arises. Yet never was the need of religion greater. St. Augustine, writing his "City of God" at the very time the Roman Empire was breaking before the onslaught of the barbarians, gave expression to the faith which was to bring order and meaning out of the chaos of the times. We need no less than the men of that day to bring order and meaning into life, and if we cannot accept the solution that St. Augustine gave, it nevertheless behooves us to consider the facts of our own situation, and to see what answer we can give to the insistent cry of our hearts for light and purpose in life. I do not for myself believe that the disillusionment which is a natural result of the failure of the ghastly means of the war to satisfy the unreasonable ideals which were preached to make men endure the slaughter, or the separatism of nations, creeds and classes which threatens new war can ever be overcome except by religion. Yet I am very far from preaching religion simply as a means to an end. There has been altogether too much of that. Men have talked religion to others in order to protect their own property; others have been afraid of reality and of truth and have sought religion as if it were a drug. Religion in the larger sense of which I speak is more than a means to an end. It is at its best the end which includes all others.

But can any statement of a religious attitude be found which is not contrary to the grim facts of life? Bertrand Russell, in his "Free Man's Worship," has put the unfriendly view of the universe in the severest terms. Man, he says, lives in a world that is destined sometime to grow as cold as the mountains of the moon or to be dissolved in unimaginable heat. Not

only does each generation of players pass off this stage with its part not played out but the stage itself will decay and where men have hoped and striven will be only silence. Yet, though man seems but the creature of time, fate and death, he is greater than they in that he can understand them. Though the part he plays be a tragedy, he may play it worthily. Above all he may play it with comradeship and love for all the company of his fellows who are bound together by a common doom. That, he says, is the religion of a man made free by his acceptance of tragedy and by his sense of comradeship—and it is a very noble religion. Personally I should like to believe that the emphasis of the unfriendly aspect to the universe is somewhat excessive. I should like to believe that men were bound together by a common destiny rather than by a common doom. But it is of all things important that they realize that they are bound together. There are aspects of life which Mr. Russell's pessimism perhaps unduly emphasizes. Nature may be "red of tooth and claw" and yet have in it that which brings beauty and peace to men. William James emphasized this aspect when he wrote to his wife describing a beautiful night in the Adirondacks: "The streaming moonlight lit all things in a magical checkered play and it seemed as if the Gods of all nature mythologies were holding an indescribable meeting in my breast with the moral Gods of the inner life. . . It was one of the happiest lonesome nights of my existence, and I understand now what a poet is. He is a person who can feel the immense complexity of the influences I felt and make some partial contrast in them for verbal statement." Mr. Russell also rather leaves out of account the marvel of personality. Jesus and the prophets, poets and sages of the past, men and women the beauty of whose lives we ourselves feel, make it not irrational to believe in a creative energy which makes for goodness and beauty even if we cannot believe, in view of the facts of life, that that energy is all good and all powerful. We may co-operate with it, we may put the hypotheses of faith to the test of experience. Some of us in consequence may come to a kind of reasonable mysticism, of which Rufus Jones, that upstanding American Quaker, has recently written with such persuasive power. If we cannot come out at that point but are compelled more nearly to adopt Bertrand Russell's pessimism, still we can affirm values which give meaning to life and underlie the possibility of progress for those who shall come after us.

Sometimes a distinction is made between social and personal religion. If what I am saying is right that distinction is scarcely valid. It is true that religion is concerned with the individual; that the theologians were right in speaking of "the alone with the alone" when they thought of man's relation to God. One by one the race is run, every heart knows its own sorrow,—yes, and its own joy,—and there is, as the wise men said long ago, a secret which a man hideth from his friends. But at the same time religion is social, it is concerned with values which exist because we are comrades. If what I say this morning is necessarily somewhat inconclusive, at least this I would emphasize: There is no task in our time more important than that of making explicit the religion which is implicit in all appreciation of beauty and in all striving after truth and justice. It is a quest worth while. It demands the hazard of experiment. If we dare not believe in a religion which is contrary to realty as we understand it, we are nevertheless obliged to risk our life on the possibility of experience and understanding not yet ours. I appeal, therefore, for this act of faith, and I appeal for it as a corporate act to be undertaken by men and women who in this, their day and generation, are still moved by the beauty of a vision of that beloved community which, even in a somewhat unfriendly universe, is still the true city of God.

NORMAN THOMAS.

THE CHARKHA

(THE SPINNING-WHEEL)

Spin, spin, a nation is waking,
A fresh dawn is breaking, a new day is born;
Weave, weave, Arya Varta is waiting
For garments of homespun to greet the new morn:
Spin for the starving who are not yet dead,
For the life of the Motherland hangs by a thread;
Weave the bright web of a future so great
The world will allow that man weaves his own fate—
Spin, spin, to the naked, give clothing,
Food to the hungry, wheels to the poor;
Work, work, all idleness loathing,
For only by spinning, our lives we insure.

Chant, chant, that religion is spinning,
Our work, a glad penance to keep the heart pure;
Spin, spin, pay for past sinning,
Earn by the CHARKHA, deliverance and cure:
A-hum is the hovel, the dwelling, the mosque,
For pariah, brahman and mullah, a task;
A-hum is the school, every child keeps pace
With the effort to free his downtrodden race—
Hum, hum, as the bee keeps on humming
And gather the cotton as honey from flowers;
Store, store it in cloth which keeps coming
Until, crowned by thrift, we eclipse the great powers.

Spin, spin, a nation is winning
Its freedom by spinning, its place among men;
Spin, spin, our women are singing:
"The CHARKHA is needed above sword or pen."
The Goddess of Liberty sits at the wheel,
And substitutes spinning for bullets of steel;
She smiles that the living continue to weave,
And women and children have no cause to grieve—
Spin, spin, a new *flag* is winging
The symbol of women abroad unto men:
Work, work, the CHARKHA is spinning
A cable to circle the globe in its span.

Spin, spin, a heaven creating,
Where beauty and truth, peace and plenty abide:
Sing, sing of the stand we are taking
Until all the nations at strife are allied:
Well within hand be the thread's release,
The price of his labor, each man's increase,
His time, his endeavor, his patience, his toil,
Sacred and safe, as his home or his soil—
Shine, shine, as the Sun in his spinning
Shines in that great wheel where Earth is a spoke:
Voice, voice through the CHARKHA, this hymning,
Echo, "The Music of the Spheres", O ye Folk!

MAUDE RALSTON SHARMAN.

The World's Great Rebels and Heretics

No. VIII.

WAT TYLER.

The Black Death, 1348 to 1351, threw the economic feudal world out of gear. In some places half the workers, in others nearly three-fourths of the workers, died from the plague. The result was that a working man became a valuable animal. The master-class offered wages and benefits to secure workers for their lands. The workers thrived on their better conditions, gained in the spirit of manhood, and when the master-class sought to withdraw the benefits granted and reduce the workers to old-time conditions, they fought back. The Jacquerie in France were the first, the Peasants Revolt in England was the second, of such revolts. Merrie England had four major revolts of its toilers: the Peasants Revolt, stirred by John Ball and his aids and led by Wat Tyler, 1381; Jack Cade's Rebellion in 1450; the Norfolk Uprising of 1549, led by Bob and Bill Ket; and the revolt of Free-born Jack Lilburne in 1647-1653.

J. Morrison Davidson, the fine English pamphleteer of a few years back, has made these revolts matters of history; and Joseph Clayton in his "Leaders of the People," has fine chapters upon them. Robert Southey in his earlier and more radical days wrote a fine drama on "Wat Tyler's Rebellion."

Robert Ket, Jack Cade, Jack Lilburne, were all fine, rebellious spirits, ready to sacrifice all for the benefit of the poor and lowly; but the number of articles in this series prevents us from taking up their lives and work. In the same way we must pass over that splendid spirit, John Ball, the outlaw priest. John Ball was an itinerent priest, who for twenty years was a fearless agitator among the common people, assisted by Jack Straw, John Wraw, William Grindcobb and Geoffrey Lister. John Ball had a strong mind, he wrought out a philosophy which reached the same conclusion as that of Rousseau, when he declared "man is born free, yet is everywhere in chains." Ball put it: "In the beginning there was no servitude, all men were equal; servitude is contrary to God's will."

William Morris in his "Dream of John Ball," pays tribute to the intellectual quality and work of the tall, black-robed itinerent preacher.

This agitation stirred the people, and when the poll-tax on all over fourteen years of age was levied in 1377, there were rumbles of revolt. Spasmodically in different localities the peasants fell upon the poll-tax gatherers and slew them. One of these collectors entered the home of one Wat the Tyler, or roofer, and insulted the daughter of Wat. The enraged father knocked the collector's brains out with his hammer, and fled to join other outlawed rebels. Wat Tyler was a man of great gifts, he threw himself into the revolt, shaped his demands, and led the people. With a hundred thousand peasants at his back Wat Tyler marched on to London; he threw down prisons, liberated prisoners, and most merciful of all destroyed the houses of ill-fame and set the victim women free. The demands of the peasants were—"Abolition of serfdom"; "An established rent per acre for land"; "Pardon for those in the uprising."

Mayor Walworth of London and an embassy from King Richard went forth to parley with Wat Tyler. The cunning and unscrupulous King agreed to the demands, and the peasants dispersed. But the King and his advisors were liars, their charter of manumission was not sincere, and as soon as great numbers of the peasants had dispersed, they treacherously assassinated Wat Tyler, seized and killed 2,500 of the leaders of the revolt, withdrew the document of manumission and by torture and slaughter broke the heart of the revolt. But the poll-tax was not again assessed, the "gentle folks" had greater respect for the powers of the peasants, and there was started in the breast of the humble laborer that desire for liberty which has brought the Anglo-Saxon race to the forefront in that battle. Wat Tyler, John Ball, and their brave followers did not labor in vain.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Note of Appreciation

167 West 72nd St., N. Y. City.
March 18th, 1922.

My dear Mr. Holmes:

I have just received the issue of UNITY for March 9th, containing the reprint of the appeal the American Committee is sending out for the support of the Neutral Commission of Investigation into the Causes of the World War.

On behalf of the American Committee I beg to thank you for this helpful expression of your sympathy and co-operation with the enterprise. It is most heartening to find that there are still some citizens left in our community who are not afraid of being true to their best self.

The Commission is being opposed by those whose interests this movement seems to them to endanger, and decried by those others whose *amour propre* it threatens to hurt. But the truth will prevail. It has a little better chance now after the sufferings we have undergone and are still enduring. The times have changed, and people are becoming conscious that there is something wrong with a world that doesn't work right and that was intended should work right.

You are helping to awaken that consciousness in them and pointing out how the wrong can ge righted. That is why your sympathy with our movement means so much to us. It implies that you believe that we are aiming for what we are really aiming, namely, to establish justice on the basis of truth. You may rest assured in that belief.

With my hearty wood wishes, believe me

Sincerely yours,
TEMPLE SCOTT.

The Turco-Armenian Question

March 24, 1922.

To the Editor of UNITY:

So infamous has been the conduct not only of the Turks but of the Powers toward the Armenians both during the War and since the Armistice, and so vast the consequent suffering and disappointment to them and to their friends, I had thought myself beyond the possibility of further shock in the matter. Yet I must confess the attack upon Mrs. Apcar's articles on behalf of Armenia made by Miss Mary Trask in last week's UNITY did somehow manage to evoke new pain even in my pain-jaded spirit.

Not that Miss Trask is the first American to plead the case of the Turk against the Armenian. The country, also, has seen all too many such. But as—in so far as they have voiced their sympathies in public—they have been the servants of one special interest or another, it has been easily possible to account for their motives and to appraise their views accordingly. Besides, in other national struggles for liberty—like that of the Irish—one had become accustomed to the melancholy spectacle of Americans crying out against government by consent.

But your correspondent seems to represent another group as yet unheard from in this particular connection. Her denunciations of Mrs. Apcar's references to the Bolsheviki suggest that she is of those who are inclined generally to extenuate the crimes of German, Turk, and Bulgar, in order to make blacker the case of the Allies,—especially in their relation to Bolshevik Russia.

The tactics are as unnecessary as unjust. I say it as one who

has loved deeply German art and thought; as one who realizes to what extent the Powers have been party to Turkey's unspeakable corruption and cruelties, and to what extent each was responsible for the world war and the unjust peace; and, finally, as a lover of Russia,—the Russia of the heroic revolutionary struggle and of the Russia emergent. No, it is not by blinking monstrous crimes against humanity in one country that we can strengthen and defend the cause of humanity in another.

The actual fact of the matter is that it would be scarcely possible for Mrs. Apcar, or for anyone else, to overstate the case of the Armenian against the Turk; and of this anyone in the least acquainted with history ought to be aware. If Mrs. Apcar shows bias, as your correspondent complains, let us be thankful that there is at least one soul left moral and zealous enough to cry out in wholehearted protest at a time when protest is no longer either profitable or fashionable. If she seeks to "formulate opinion," let us be grateful that someone still realizes the necessity for so doing and is willing to take the necessary pains. And do let us refrain from calling such effort "propaganda," unless we intend the word in its original and legitimate sense.

The sum of Armenia's sufferings and losses, and wrongs, the depths of the agony through which she has passed and is still passing, can never be even remotely gauged. Now, three years and more after the Armistice, in whatever regions the Turk is restored to power, her defenseless people flee as for their very lives,—to Syria, Cyprus, Egypt,—anywhere to escape the Turkish torch and sword. Does Miss Trask know that, since the French evacuation of a few months ago, Cilicia, on the Mediterranean, has been practically depopulated of Armenians,—that over 100,000 have escaped into the neighboring countries leaving their homes, their businesses, their hospitals behind them? Is it for nothing that the very children of the orphanages of Dort Yol and Mersina have had to be transferred to Beirut?

The Turkish side of the Turco-Armenian question which Miss Trask would like to see presented in UNITY is the tyrant's side.

BERTHA SULLIVAN PAPAZIAN.

Cambridge, Mass.

Help for Mrs. Huebsch's Work in Russia

My dear Mr. Holmes:

Enclosed please find check for —— in response to your appeal for help for Mrs. Huebsch's work in Russia. I would like it to go to help the children there. You may be interested to know that at the Christmas tree party of a little club of twelve boys who meet at our house, seven Jewish, five of other nationalities, of this neighborhood, at the supper table was a decorated chair for an unseen Russian child guest on which was a tin box into which the boys made a contribution of nearly seven dollars to go to the Quaker Children's Relief Fund. This money was from earnings that most of the boys had made selling papers and on newspaper routes mornings. These boys find our home open freely for them to read, study and play in. Besides Jewish, we have three of Roman Catholic parentage, one Armenian, one Swedish, who get along together well under the guidance of my daughter.

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD A. TALBOT.

The Tomb

In a certain street of a Polish city there is Silence. One knows not why, except perhaps that at the end is a large house, where children die.

Silent too, so straight, so useless, tall and cold, the factory chimneys stand. (The Russians cannot buy the cotton goods when they are hungry.) The city is too poor to feed the starving children of the poor, whose mothers work or are unknown. So they die, six out of every ten. And every week the cart comes round to take them to the graves.

Before the war, folks pointed to the house with pride, with "That is our city orphanage." For it was modern, clean and airy. Kind sisters did their tasks with gentle hands. There was gladness there with all the new, just-smiling life.

But now one feels the coming tread of Death in every part. Men pass it with a frown, for it is called "The Tomb."

Warsaw, Feb. 24, 1922. FRANK E. WALSER.

Dr. Lynch's Misunderstanding

The Editor of UNITY:

Dr. Lynch's letter in the UNITY of March 9th illustrates certain points which all "pacifists" of whatever brand ought to understand much better than they do now. In the first place (I speak for others here) we are not "non-resistants." I have long regretted the entrance with this word of a side issue that probably arises from a literalist reading of the New Testament. Our philosophy bases itself not on authority or on a text, but on a spiritual principle, or, if one prefers to state it so, on the facts and laws of human nature. The issue concerns the use of violence by one man, or by a majority of men, or by a so-called government, to compel another man, or an unwilling minority to obey rules or to follow a course, to which their judgment, or conscience, or will has never been persuaded. Generally, in human history there has been recognized but one way out of this issue. In the home, in the school, in the church, in the state, the individual must be forced to conform. All government rests, it has been said, upon force.

The closer study of human nature, the recognition of the spiritual nature in every man, brings us to a new, higher, and far more effective and fruitful way out of our problem, and embraces every relation of men to one another. Letting alone here the confusion of petty questions of casuistry, our guiding thought is, how we shall best help one another to harmonious and co-operative effort together—the parents with the children and children with parents—the teachers and the pupils—the workers and the directors or engineers of the work—the mass of citizens with their fellows and with the citizens of other States. We are made to act together: show us the nature of this "togetherness" at every point. We begin as early as we can with the child. We persuade him; we make him one of us; we win his confidence; we never force or break his will. A whole new science of teaching and civilizing begins here. This is not the work of "non-resistants." It is constructive and positive; it will abide no defeat.

Dr. Lynch speaks of "the criminal man and the criminal nation." As for the criminal man, I will only say in passing, that it is an awful confession on the part of supposedly "Christian" communities, that a "criminal class" exists. What has the old-world theory of the righteousness of violence, of rods and punishments and prisons, of a superior class over against a law-breaking class, ever done except to produce criminals?

When people, however, talk of "a criminal nation," I wonder at such wholesale ignorance of history! Has not Dr. Lynch yet read any of the books which reveal the solemn processes by which unscrupulous nationalism moved forward to an aggrandizing and mercenary imperialism in the case of every one of the great Powers involved in the late war? France, not guilty? What about her performance in Algiers and Morocco and Madagascar? Belgium, not guilty? Who has not read the story of the Congo Atrocities? Great Britain! One fairly holds up both hands at the long, bloody tale of her aggressions. The United States? What shall we call our grip upon Haiti and Santo Domingo, by no authority of Congress, if "burglarizing" is not the name of it? The fact is, the Great War was never for democracy; it was a war of imperialistic powers. We were indeed buncoed into it. Can Dr. Lynch have lived in New York City, without even yet knowing the preposterous iniquity by which the victors at Paris saddled upon Germany the sole blame for the war! America (I am ashamed to say it) had helped to bring the great war on, from the day that we needlessly undertook to fight with Spain, and later, conquered the Philippine Islands. As long as you keep the war system, resting back on the pagan idea of "force, force, force, to the uttermost," as long as we trust any mediocre and partisan administration with this anomalous and inhumane war power, so long are we liable to have just such happenings; they always present themselves to men who scowl at each other through the clouds of suspicion and greed and fear.

To the question, what else we could have done, except to engage in the war on the side of the Allies, we answer that we have never seen any ethical reason for this desperate conduct on our part. So far as it was a war of defense, in fear of being attacked, this was only on the ground that we had not honestly been neutral. For example, we had quite meekly submitted to Great Britain's unrighteous blockade of the North Sea, in her effort to starve the German population. Our honorable position as a friendly people to all the maddened belligerents was clearly not only to keep out of the fighting, but also to bring to bear every sort of influence that friends could bring to urge and persuade them to listen to reason and stop the destruction. We know now that there were points where, both parties being weary, a generous sympathy with the peoples on both sides might have won that "peace without victory,"

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

POETRY READINGS.

Lincoln Centre Friday Forum.

The Pillars of Karnak may crumble,
But the song of Shelley is sure.
EDWIN MARKHAM.

April 14—A Spring Festival. Mrs. Julia Cooley Altrocchi will give a program of original poetry, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. During the luncheon hour members are requested to give their favorite poems on Spring.

April 21—Miss Elizabeth Roberts, a young poet from Kentucky, will read from her book, "Under the Tree," at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert E. Smith, 5134 Woodlawn Avenue.

April 28—Miss Eunice Tietjens (Mrs. Cloyd Head) will read from "Profiles from China," at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Neilson, 4800 Drexel Boulevard.

Single admission to the Readings, fifty cents.

THE POET

He presses on before the race,
And sings out of a silent place.
Like faint notes of a forest bird
On heights afar that voice is heard;
And the dim path he breaks today
Will some time be a trodden way.
But when the race comes toiling on
That voice of wonder will be gone—
Be heard on higher peaks afar,
Moved upward with the morning star.

O men of earth, that wandering voice
Still goes the upward way: rejoice!
Edwin Markham.

BOOKS RECEIVED

CROWELL, THOMAS Y., Co., 426 W. Broadway, N. Y.
The Quimby Manuscripts, Edited by Horatio W. Dresser.
The Habit of Health, by Oliver Huckel.
Spiritual Health and Healing, by Horatio W. Dresser.
MACMILLAN COMPANY, 64-66 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
The New Testament, by Prof. E. F. Scott.
The Cockpit, by Israel Zangwill.
The Secret Way, by Zona Gale.
The Tower of Oblivion, by Oliver Onions.
The Novels of Turgenev, translated by Constance Garnett.
Saturday Papers, Essays on Literature from the Literary Review of the New York *Evening Post*, by Henry Seidel Camby, William Rose Benet, Amy Loverman.
Marie Chapdelaine, by Louis Hemon.
The Tales of Chekov, translated by Constance Garnett.
Life and Death of Harriet Frean, by May Sinclair.
A Gate of Cedar, by Katherine Morse.
Creative Unity, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore.
Children of the Market Place, by Edgar Lee Masters.
The Psychic Health of Jesus, by Walter E. Bundy.
Opiate Addiction, Its Handling and Treatment, by Edward Huntington Williams, M. D.
The Tales of Chekhov. The Cook's Wedding and Other Stories, Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett.
The Book of Job, by Moses Buttenwieser.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Fifth Ave. at 48th St., New York.
The Carpenter and His Kingdom, by Alexander Irvine.
THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS, 1216 You St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
The History of the Negro Church, by Carter Godwin Woodson.
B. W. HUEBSCH, 116 W. 13th St., New York City.
The Myth of a Guilty Nation, by Albert Jay Nock.
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS.
The Religion of the Psalms, by J. M. Powis Smith.

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which the situation called for. We have reason to believe that our entrance into the war prolonged it, and our ignorance and impotence at Versailles helped to make a peace, as fatal as the war had been. A small part of our vast war debt, *plus* an intelligent desire to restore the devastated areas, wherever the people had suffered, might have turned the dreadful calamity into a great spiritual victory for the world.

All this is barely to suggest how we propose at every issue to follow our religion, which is at the same time, the best possible practical international politics. We do not purpose to sit down and be rolled over (as we just have been) in the midst of quarrels remote from our bailiwick. But we say "Change altogether the conditions that laid us open to this vast misery. Get out at once of the provocative business that tempts imperialistic nations into distant ventures. Leave the marginal territory where quarrels are brewed, and mind your own business, namely, the welfare of the people of the United States, which is truly identical with the welfare of the world. Give notice everywhere that we can think of no place, where we have need to use an army or navy; that we do not dream of exercising violence towards any people; that we claim nowhere in Mexico or the West Indies or on the Pacific, a dominating authority, not even by a "four-power pact"!

Shall we then resign our position as a World Power? Yes, as a World War Power, but in order to take our true place as a friendly World Power. We shall thus be free, as we are not free at present, to take in hand the world's needy and to heal its sores. We could cheerfully forgive the hopeless debts of the nations of Europe, having ourselves no more taxes to pay for our military and naval upkeep. We could also relieve the peoples over seas of the fears, approaching the shape of hate, that they now bear us. We insist again, that this is practical conduct, based on close acquaintance with the laws of human nature.

"And leave ourselves defenseless?" Does Dr. Lynch fail to see by this time, that we shall have prepared for ourselves, and for others, a new and inner impregnable line of defense? There can be no threatening burglar nation to alarm us, when we have ceased to cast envious burglar eyes on every little island within a thousand miles of our shores. The fashion of burglarizing will go out, when we have given it up, along with the temptation and the insane power to exercise it.

Finally, suppose that Dr. Lynch and I were real doctors and that a dope fiend were brought to us. Our patient has just indulged in a terrible orgy, and is almost sick of the wretched stuff. Dr. Lynch wants him to give up his dope by degrees; he would surround him with a system of rules, and help him from getting more than his exact dosage *per diem*. I want the man not to take any more poison. I urge him to give up the habit once and for all. I appeal to every spark of manliness in him and all his chivalry. He can never be a free man and safe from the dope, till his will goes with our friendly wills—with the will of God, if you please, to quit the evil forever. Am I wrong in thinking myself a better physician than my friend, Dr. Lynch?

CHARLES F. DOLE.

March 17, 1922.

Every Reader of UNITY Should Read This Book!

NEW CHURCHES FOR OLD

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THIS book breaks new ground in the field of religious discussion. Facing the alarming facts of declining church attendance, failing ministerial supply, and loss of ecclesiastical influence and prestige, the author is not satisfied to appeal to people to stand by the existing churches, to liberalize old theologies, etc., but calls for a wholly new statement of religion which shall work itself out into a new form of church organization. In place of the old churches based on sectarian theological beliefs, he pleads for new churches based on democratic social idealism. These churches, which he calls Community Churches, would substitute for loyalty to the single denomination, loyalty to the social group; for a private group of worshippers held together by common theological ideas, the public group of citizens held together by common social interests; for restrictions of creed and ritual, the free spirit; for the individual as an object of salvation, the social group; for Christianity as a religion of special revelation, the idea of universal religion.

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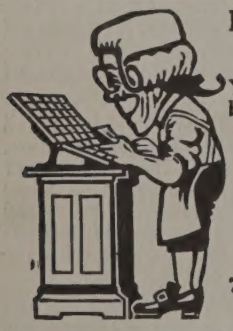

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